Occlumency Lessons

by harrrypotterandthe

Summary

During Harry's second Occlumency lesson, Snape sees something that he shouldn't. This changes Severus's view on the child, and he sets on an endeavor to help ease Harry's conscious, starting by showing Harry the most vulnerable part of himself.

It's a long process, but in the end it just might be more than worth it.

Notes

Hello! This is my first fanfic, so please please comment with what you like/what I could improve on! I'm not much of a writer, but if this gets enough support I am sure it'll give me the motivation to continue and finish this story! I'm not sure yet how long its going to be, but after the main bit it would be hopping and skipping to different times until eventually Harry is 18.

Thank you so much for reading!
Harry walked dismally down to the dungeons after dinner, no Ron or Hermione accompanying him tonight. It was his second week back from his stay in Grimmauld Place after Arthur Weasley’s attack, and his second Occlumency lesson with Snape was set to start in approximately five minutes.

He made it to Snape’s classroom with two minutes to spare, but hesitated with his hand poised to knock.

His last lesson was abysmal. Snape had broken into his mind with no trouble at all, even managing to access memories that Harry had long since forgotten. It was immediately obvious how little the greasy haired man cared for Harry, as encouraging Harry and actually teaching him how to block against Legilimency were very apparently the furthest things from Snape’s mind during the lesson, if it could even be called a lesson. Harry had left the classroom an hour later with his scar dully aching, and with the only advice from Snape being to ‘clear his head of all emotion and thought’ before going to bed, as if it was that easy. The only real enjoyment Harry had gotten out of the lesson was hitting Snape with a Stinging Curse unknowingly while under Legilimency’s effect.

Harry sighed and knocked on the wooden door before walking into the torch-lit room.

Snape was sitting behind his desk and appeared to be grading students essays by the disapproving look on his face and the unhappy scratching of his quill. Harry stood awkwardly at the back of the classroom for a moment, not sure if Snape had heard him come in or not. Snape looked uglier than ever, and Harry debated attempting to leave the room unnoticed. Instead he opened his mouth to announce his presence, but the professor’s deep voice interrupted him before he could say anything.

“If you’re going to stand back there all night, Potter, you might as well just leave”, said Snape.

Harry bristled at the tone, but moved forward nonetheless. Snape set the essay and his quill aside as Harry moved closer, but only until Harry stood right in front of the potion master’s desk did Snape meet his eyes. His sallow face looked both bored and irritated.

“Stand over there. I am going to enter your mind again, and it would be beneficial to you if you actually tried to block my advances” coolly drawled Snape, standing and moving out from behind his desk. Harry offhandedly thought the professor’s black billowing robes looked something like a bat’s wings.
He stepped to where Snape had pointed, and bit his tongue to stop from pointing out that Snape hadn’t even taught him how to guard his own mind yet. Their eyes met, and Snape seemed pleased at how obviously he was annoying the boy.

Harry reached in his robes for his wand, but before he could wrap his fingers around the wood he heard a shout of, “Legimens!”, and was suddenly and painfully shoved into his own memories.

He saw Dudley’s fist, bearing down on his eye for the first time when he was five years old. He saw the Dementors, cornering him and Dudley on Privet Drive. He saw his first Quidditch game, and he felt how he had nearly fallen off his broom. He saw fire coming at him from the dragon in the first task of the Triwizard Tournament. He felt himself tired to a grave, and saw Lord Voldemort rising out of a cauldron-

Without warning, Harry was jerked back into reality. It took him a couple of seconds to realise that he was lying on the stone floor of Snape’s classroom, with both his knees and his scar throbbing painfully. Snape gazed down at him with his eyes narrowed in contempt, but Harry could’ve sworn that the professor’s wand hand was minutely shaking.

“Get up, Potter, that was pathetic”, spat Snape. Once Harry stood, Snape spoke again in a bitter tone, “You made no effort at all, I entered your mind with childlike ease and you would be as much of a fool as your father to think that you have any chance against the Dark Lord with defenses like that”.

Harry narrowed his eyes and clenched his fist tightly around the wand in his pocket. He knew that Snape was baiting him, willing him to act out so he would have an excuse not to teach him anymore, but Harry didn’t take it. Having Voldemort stay out of his head was more important than the petty anger that always rose between him and Snape.

“Do you expect to fight the Dark Lord with your wand in you robes, Potter,” Snape asked, his lip curled and his obsidian eyes judging Harry with no provocation.

In a split-second, Harry pointed his wand and shouted Expelliarmus, but the potions master seemed ready for the attack. Snape easily sidestepped the jet of magic and without hesitation raised his own wand and yelled Leglimens once more.

Harry again found himself watching his own worst memories flit before his eyes. He was seven years old and in his old cupboard, spiders waking him up whenever one fell onto him. He was locked in his room and pacing with knots in his stomach after Dobby had just broken the pudding bowl in Privet Drive. He was staring at the floor of his room, hands tied behind his back as his uncle and Dudley took turns wailing on his face and body. Dudley had gotten brass knuckles for
Christmas. He was blindfolded-

Harry felt as though he had been shocked and started to struggle against the presence in his mind. He couldn’t do anything except feel the presence, expelling it was not and option. He heard himself screaming, but it sounded like it was miles away. He felt Snape persist, and something in his mind snapped.

He was blindfolded, naked, and everything was deathly silent except for the vulgar slapping of skin against skin. He couldn’t move his hand or legs, and he refused to scream lest he give his uncle the satisfaction of knowing how scared he really was. His arse felt like it was on fire and there was a single tear on his cheek, but his didn’t scream. A hand slid up his back, around his neck, and a finger pushed against his mouth-

Harry was abruptly wrenched from his memory, and once again he found himself on the cold classroom floor. This time however, he was curled in on himself and drenched head to toe in sweat, with a single tear falling sideways across his nose.

The only sound in the classroom was Harry’s ragged breathing.

It seemed like an eternity before Harry came back to himself and made his way onto shaky legs, but when he did he found Snape simply staring at him with a blank, unreadable look on his face. His wand was lowered, and Harry found himself suddenly wishing nothing more than to raise his own and hex the potions master into oblivion. Instead, he turned and stormed towards the door of the classroom.

“Fuck you!”, Harry yelled over his shoulder to the potions master, before slamming the door shut behind him.

Harry ran all the way up to Gryffindor tower, yelling the password at the Fat Lady and scrambling into the common room in a haze of anger and panic. He ignored everyone in the common room, including Hermione and Ron who gave him puzzled looks as he rushed past them, and immediately curled up in his bed with the curtains drawn closed.

How long ago had that occurred? It must’ve been the summer two years ago, when his uncle had finally gotten bored of his wife and thought Harry could use a different form of punishment. It had only happened three times before Harry’s magic to start crackling ominously in the air in Privet Drive, scaring his uncle away from him once more. Since then Harry had gotten good at repressing the memories, and he chanced a guess that the breaking in his mind had something to do with the memory not easily being accessed.
'Who the fuck does Snape think he is, bringing up shit like that?', Harry thought as he trembled in his bed. He had no right to abuse his power in Harry’s mind, and he truly did not seem to have any remorse for what he was doing to him.

Harry fisted his sheets in anger as he realised that Snape now had more blackmail on him than ever before, and Harry still didn’t stand a chance against his advances.

It was hours later that Harry finally managed to fall into a restless sleep, and he was glad the next morning that Ron didn’t ask any questions.

In his classroom, Snape quietly sat at his desk again and laced his fingers together in front of his face. Half an hour later he came to a decision and retreated to his quarters to sleep.
Chapter Notes

Hello! I hope you enjoy this chapter, the next one should hopefully be coming tomorrow! Feel free to check out my tumblr, harrypotterandthe. Remember: A comment a day keeps my procrastination away! Tell me how im doing/what you like/what I could do better.

I'm on the hunt for a beta. If you're interested please comment or message me on tumblr.

Harry was on edge for the next week, but to his surprise Snape never gave any indication of what he saw in Harry’s mind. He didn’t even take any points away from Gryffindor for the fuck you Harry had yelled before he left his last Occlumency lesson. Potions classes came and went with the normal amount of yelling and humiliation from the potions master, and Harry was just starting to relax when Hedwig landed on his shoulder during breakfast with a small scroll attached to her leg.

He took the scroll and handed Hedwig a piece of bacon before watching her fly away. Harry unraveled the parchment and felt his body go rigid.

*Occlumency after dinner tonight, Potter.
I’m not sure why you thought lessons were cancelled, the Dark Lord is still trying to access your mind from afar.*

Professor Snape

“What’s is say, mate?”, Ron asked through a mouthful of eggs, trying to lean over enough to see the writing. Harry quickly folded the parchment and stuffed it into his robes.

“I have more remedial potions with Snape tonight”, lied Harry, wrinkling his nose in what he hoped looked like disdain. Hermione gave him a pensive look from across the table, but said nothing.

“That man is an absolute git,”, exclaimed Ron, turning back to his plate, “I still don’t know why Dumbledore let’s him stay here, considering only his stupid Slytherin snakes like him. He must’ve had a miserable childhood to make him grow up so bitter”.

Harry didn’t reply, instead wondering how he was going to survive tonight. Would Snape try to access that memory again? Would he even mention it? If he did, what was Harry going to say?

He was snapped out of his revere by Hermione lightly tapping him on the shoulder, telling him that they were going to be late for Divination. She still had that pensive look on her face, and Harry made a mental note to ask her about Occlumency later.

Divination was rubbish, and the rest of the day seemed to stretch on forever. Before he knew it, dinner was over and Harry was walking the familiar path down into the dungeons for his third Occlumency lesson.

Harry took a deep breath and rapped hard on the door before opening it and walking into the classroom. Snape once again sat behind his desk, but he was not grading anything this time. Instead, there was a pale grey basin-type thing, and Snape appeared to be moving it to the middle of his desk.
As soon as Harry closed the door behind himself, Snape drawled, “Sit down, Potter”.

Harry made his way to a desk near the front, but Snape wandlessly conjured a chair on the opposite side of his desk and gestured for Harry to sit in it. Slowly, Harry lowered himself into the seat. Snape’s pale face had been unreadable thus far, and as he had gotten closer to the polished desk he had realized that the basin on the desk was a Pensive, identical to the one Dumbledore owned. Harry pulled out his wand just in case, and his right foot drummed a nervous beat on the stone floor. He really did not wish to relive his abuse once more, and by the look of the Pensive that was exactly what Snape intended to do.

“Stop that incessant tapping, Potter”, Snape hissed, and Harry forced his leg to stop moving.

Harry was about to say something, anything that would steer the lesson away from the last one, but Snape beat him to words first.

“I am not a fool,” Snape started, Harry stared, “What I witnessed yesterday was…personal, and something that a child should not be forced to relive”.

Harry blinked owlishly at the professor. He had never heard Snape sound so...caring? Sympathetic? Human? He had certainly never considered Harry a child worthy of being spared any pain.

Snape continued, “We have a few things to do before we start your lesson again today. First, you are going to cast Legilimency on me, and I am going to demonstrate what proper defenses look and feel like. After that you are going to witness a memory of my choosing, and then you are going to enter my mind again and attempt to locate that memory. The second time however, I will lower all my defenses so you can feel how easy it would be for that Dark Lord to witness your deepest memories and fears”.

Harry nodded dumbly, not quite believing that Snape appeared to be actually teaching him rather than assaulting him with magic. Snape’s eyes blinked at him, and a couple seconds later Harry came back to reality, aimed his wand at the professor and spoke, “Legilimens”.

Harry almost didn’t believe his spell had worked. He appeared to be just be sitting in the classroom as he was a moment earlier, but the longer Harry sat there, the more obvious the slight haze around the room became. Harry was in Snape’s mind, but he couldn’t see anything. He channeled his own emotions, trying to bring out some reaction, some memory of Snape’s, but it became increasingly obvious that Harry would not see anything that Snape didn’t allow him to. Every time he pushed, something invisible repelled him, and Harry was sure that it was the mental blocks Snape had created over the years.

Moving his wand away from Snape, Harry broke the spell.

“That was acceptable for a first try, Potter. Now that you understand how Occlumency feels, you will perhaps be more inclined to try it properly. Clearing one’s mind is the first step as it prevents skilled Leglimens from knowing what you are thinking and feeling at that precise moment in time, which is very beneficial for your… nightmares. The next steps are creating blockages within your own mind, but we will save that until after you can complete the first step. Do you understand? ”, Snape’s deep voice asked.

“Yes, sir” Harry mumbled, still put off by the almost-neutral demeanor of the potions master.

Snape drew his wand, closed his eyes, and put the tip of it to his temple. As he moved it away, a long silvery wisp of something not quite liquid but not quite gas followed it. Snape dropped it into the basin where it swirled mesmerizingly.
“The memory I have chosen to show you is not explicit, however due to its nature I am mentioning that it will most likely be disturbing”, said Snape.

Harry couldn’t help but wonder what it was before he even touched his nose to the substance. Was it a memory of his childhood? Of his time at Hogwarts? Of Voldemort? Curiosity at entering Snape’s mind rather than the other way around for once was enticing.

Snape quirked an eyebrow at Harry and said, “Do you think you can handle it Potter? Or should I choose something more tame for you?”.

Harry clenched his fists in anger. Did Snape really think he couldn’t handle something disturbing after what he had seen the last lesson? A second later, Harry plunged his face into the Pensive.

He found himself in a short hallway in a dark house that had obviously seen better days. The long rug was worn and appeared to be stained in some places with an unknown substance. Dusty chandeliers hung from the ceiling, half of them barren of candles. On the wall hung a dozen portraits, each one keeping themselves busy, or vehemently ignore the lanky, black-haired boy that was standing against a piece of open wall. Adjacent to the boy was a large wooden door adorned with a serpent.

Harry felt a presence appear behind him and twisted his head to see his present-day professor standing behind him, watching the memory. The noise of the memory appeared to arrive with Snape, and at once Harry heard wailing, a woman screaming like he had never heard before. His head shot back to the boy, but he didn’t seem to acknowledge anything.

The younger Snape looked to be about 16 years old. He was tall for his age, his hair was still shoulder length, but it seemed to be less greasy, and his nose was distinctly hooked. What was unsettling about the image was the lack of clothes on the child and the abundance of both spell and weapon scars adorning the skinny body.

The younger Snape only had boxers on, and while he appeared to be calm, the wringing of his fingers behind his back and the eyes that looked everywhere except the door in front of him were telltale signs of his nervousness.

The screaming continued from behind the door, punctuated randomly with guttural sobs. Occasionally, Harry could hear obscene slapping and it was a disturbingly familiar noise.

“My mother and father”, the professor said evenly behind Harry. Harry looked at him, and Snape simply nodded at the closed door.

Harry turned back to the memory in front of him, his stomach now turning and bile threatening to rise up his throat. This was Snape’s childhood home, and by the looks of it Snape had a traumatizing childhood.

Suddenly, the wailing stopped, and the memory-Snape immediately straightened his back and assumed an almost soldier-like position. His face was steeled, but the terror in his eyes was obvious as day.

Footsteps came from the room, steadily getting louder until the wooden door swung open and Snape’s father stepped out. Snape’s father was a terrifying looking man; easily 6 and a half feet tall, a strong build, short black hair, and a glare that could’ve made a child cry.

It probably has before, thought Harry.

Snape’s father was fully naked, and without preamble he grabbed Snape around the back of the neck
and shoved him into the room, growling out, “It’s your turn, Snivellus”.

As soon as the teen stumbled in and the door slammed shut, Snape pulled them out of the memory and Harry once again found himself sitting in front of Snape’s desk.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this chapter took so long, I've now started university and it's been hectic. As such, I'm going to mention that I'm not sure how regular the upcoming updates are going to be and if there are going to be any. I'm sure if I get enough support I'll be able to keep going but if not I will be putting this story up for adoption! This chapter is extra long to make up for the wait, and once again I apologize for any spelling/grammar errors.

Harry was still reeling from what he had just seen when he noticed that the basin was empty once again, and Snape had just finished saying something, now looking at him expectantly with dark eyes.

“I'm sorry, sir, can you repeat that?”, Harry asked evenly, unable to make direct eye contact with the professor after what he had just witnessed.

“I asked, Potter, if you were ready to attempt to locate that memory in my mind”, drawled Snape, seemingly unaffected by Harry's obvious discomfort.

“Oh, yes”, Harry had forgotten that that was technically part of Snape's lesson. The green-eyed boy raised his wand once more towards the potions master and uttered *Legilimens*, and again found himself in Snape's mind. This time, however, he felt as though he was floating in some sort of void with memories and feelings all rushing before Harry's eyes. He couldn’t tell if he was still sitting in the classroom or not, he couldn’t feel his body.

Suddenly remembering what he was supposed to be doing, Harry realized that he didn’t actually know how to locate a memory.

*You must channel the feeling of the memory you are looking for*, said what sounded to be Snape’s voice. It came from everywhere at once and Harry decided to ignore how unnerving it was.

Taking Snape’s advice, Harry started projecting as much emotion as he could into Snape's mind, using some of his own memories as fuel. The images and feelings spinning around him started to slow down, with memories of terror, sadness, and anger all making their way to the forefront near Harry. Harry’s eyes widened at the number of memories that continued to pile up. He saw Sirius and his father in many of them. He saw Snape’s father and his family home in others. In a few, he even saw Voldemort. He sifted through the memories one by one, dismissing any that weren’t the one he
was looking for. Finally, he came upon the one with teenage Snape standing against the wall in his dark house and reached out his hand to touch the surface of it.

At once Harry was thrown back into the memory, and almost as soon as he was, Harry broke the spell. He did not want to witness it again.

“That was adequate, Potter,” drawled Snape’s deep voice, grounding Harry back to the present, “you now understand what a defenseless mind looks like. It would do you well to remember that that is exactly what your mind looks like to the Dark Lord, and it is only a matter of time before he is powerful enough to fully access it. Now, you will attempt to clear your mind of all thoughts and emotion, and I am going to enter it and see if you did an adequate job”, said Snape raising his wand.

Harry nodded, his dark hair shaking slightly with the movement, and closed his eyes. He couldn’t get the wails of the woman in his professor's memory out of his head, and it must’ve been apparent.

“Clear your mind, Potter.”

Harry grit his teeth and took a deep breath, and then another. Minutes later, Harry heard a quiet murmur of *Legilimens* and felt a presence enter his mind. Static filled his brain, and a moment later Harry felt Snape leave his mind again.

“That was good, Potter,” Snape said, putting his wand away and standing up. “You may go now, our next lesson will be after dinner on Wednesday. Until then, clear your mind as you just did as often as possible. Any questions?” Snape continued, pausing at the edge of his desk, half-turned to Harry.

‘Any questions?’ thought Harry incredulously as he stood up, ‘How about: Why the hell did you just let me in your head with free access? Why do you all of a sudden seem to actually care about teaching me? Why are we just ignoring the elephant in the room?’.

Instead, Harry called to Snape’s retreating form, “Why did you choose that memory to show me, sir?”, attempting to be polite.

Snape paused just before the adjoining door to his quarters and turned to face the boy.

“If you still wish for an answer for that, you may join me here tomorrow after dinner. I will answer
any questions you have”, Snape said, before entering his personal quarters and closing his door with a quiet *click* behind him.

Harry stood dumbly in the room for a minute, simply staring at the door where Snape had made his abrupt exit, before turning on his heels and returning to the Gryffindor Tower.

It was just before curfew by the time Harry stepped into the common room, and it appeared to be empty save for Hermione writing at a table by the fire with at least four books scattered around her. She looked up as Harry closed the portrait, and gave him a small smile which the dark-haired boy returned. Harry made a decision as he padded over to the chair next to Hermione’s and sat down.

“Hey, Mione, how much do you know about Occlumency?”, Harry asked, not bothering to seem inconspicuous. He had a hunch that his friend already knew that he wasn’t really taking remedial potions with Snape, and with how weird things were slowly becoming it didn’t seem like a bad idea to have a friend to talk to about it all.

“I’ve read a few books on it, why do you ask?”, politely asked Hermione, obviously trying to let Harry confirm her suspicions at his own pace.

Harry decided not to beat around the bush and dove into everything instead. Harry’s voice stuttered as he told his friend about what Snape saw his head, and Hermione’s eyes widened and she put a hand over her mouth but didn’t say anything. He hadn’t been explicit in his description, but it was obvious that Hermione was feeling guilty at not knowing and trying to help earlier. Harry made a note to comfort her later but pushed on. He decided to skip over exactly what he had seen in Snape’s Pensieve, instead simply mentioning that it was an obviously distressing childhood memory of Snape’s. By the end of his story, Hermione looked dumbstruck.

“So….. do you think you could help me with Occlumency?”, Harry awkwardly asked after a couple beats of silence.

Hermione snapped out of her revere and started to ramble, “Oh yes, of course. Harry I feel so *bad*, why didn’t you tell any of us about that? Well, I get that you might not want to tell anyone but, oh, goodness I never knew how *horrible* it was there. Are you okay, have you talked to anyone? I don’t know what to say I-”.

“Mione,”, Harry interrupted, “You don’t need to feel bad at all, it was my choice to not tell anyone. I knew that my magic wouldn’t let me get seriously hurt, and it’s all in the past now”. Harry decided not to mention how repressed the memory was, and how terrifying it was to relive it.
Hermione didn’t look comforted at all, but she didn’t mention it again. Instead, she got up and pulled Harry to his feet, giving him a bear hug only rivaled in ferocity by the Weasley twins. Harry buried his face in her hair, a strange comfort washing over him that he had now willingly told someone.

“I’ll get some books out of the library and we can start working on it tomorrow after dinner”, Hermione mumbled into Harry’s shoulder. Harry squeezed her extra tight, warmed at how much she cared about him, and back up a pace. He then remembered what Snape had said.

‘If you still wish for an answer for that, you may join me here tomorrow after dinner. I will answer any questions you have’.

Harry saw no reason to hide it and told her what Snape had said.

“Oh that’s alright Harry, just let me know when you’re free and we can get started”, Hermione said her eyes now bright with the opportunity to help him.

“Thanks, Mione”, Harry said happily, before turning and heading up to the boys’ dormitory.

Hermione waved him goodbye and turned back to her work for the night.

Underneath the castle, in his quarters among the dungeons, Snape was pondering over tea before heading to bed.

He wasn’t completely sure what he was doing when he had decided that showing Potter his own abuse was the best course of action, but he couldn’t take it back now. As much as he despised James’ son, seeing the memory of Harry’s had caused something in Snape to start realizing that Harry wasn’t an exact carbon copy of his father as he had once believed. He was still as loud and annoying and had the same penchant for causing trouble, but the James that Severus had grown up with had never faced such abuse before. When James had learned of Severus’ own misfortune, he always made a show of exclaiming how good his own life was and how he should just ‘take it like a man’.

As loathe as Severus was to admit it, he felt a sadness for Harry. While he quite enjoyed his own hard exterior, and arguably his hard interior as well, he would never wish such a fate such as his own childhood upon a child.
Some of Harry’s actions had started to make sense as well. His increasing anger at authority figures and his desire to act out even with obvious consequences could both easily be products of his repressed trauma.

Severus sighed, he had learned long ago how to balance his mind with assistance from various mediwitches, but it was a long and tedious process.

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The next evening Harry padded down to the dungeons, trying to sort out just what he wanted to ask the professor when he saw him. The normally angry potions master seemed to be gaining more patience for Harry as their lessons went on and the last thing Harry wanted to do was ruin it with an ill-placed question.

He was anxious that it was all some messed up ploy from Snape to ruin his life once again, that Snape had shown him a false memory to make Harry feel...bad for him?

Harry paused.

Did he feel bad for Snape? The teacher that had made his life a living hell since he started at Hogwarts? The answer came to Harry before he really thought about it.

Of course.

Harry resumed walking and tried to clear his head before he reached the classroom door. He knocked three times before walking in. He immediately noticed the plush red chair sat in front of Snape’s desk, but Snape was nowhere to be seen. He fell nervously into the soft chair and a moment later Snape stepped out of the door of his quarters and sat across from him with some papers in his hand, looking as stoic as ever.

Harry’s eyes drifted around the classroom, looking anywhere except at his professor. Snape cleared his throat and Harry finally met his eyes. They were as dark as usual, but appeared to have some emotion swirling underneath the surface.
“Why did you show me that memory”, Harry blurted out before the professor could speak, inwardly cringing at his own anxiousness.

Snape quirked an eyebrow but didn’t mention the hastiness of Harry’s words. Instead, he took a breath, leaned back in his chair, and began to talk.

“To put it simply, I wanted to show you what was at stake”, Snape sighed, then continued, “The memory you witnessed was the first one the Dark Lord ever found and used to torture me within my own head. As you might have seen, I have quite a few that bear relations to the feeling of terror, and I want you to realize that our shared experience is an easy target for breaking down our mental strength before and during a battle. Of course, I’ve made my mind next to impenetrable, but you would take little to incapacitate should the Dark Lord wish to do so”.

Harry was silent, shifting in his chair. He wasn’t expecting such a….logical answer?

After a pregnant pause, Snape cleared his throat and said, “I also understand your unfortunate experience, and it is something that a child should never be forced to endure. As such, I would like you to see a dedicated mediwitch every week until school is over to help assess and hopefully remedy any trauma you hold in your subconscious”. Snape slid the papers on his desk closer to Harry, and Harry noticed that they were initial assessment sheets for the Infirmary.

“I have already talked to Madame Tisley and she is expecting you on at noon on Saturday with your completed paperwork. You may also-”.

Snape paused, then continued.

“You may also speak with me on the matter if you ever wish to. I understand that it can be beneficial for some to talk to another person that has undergone the same traumatic experience”, Snape finished, looking almost uncomfortable with the idea of Harry coming to him for help. “Do you have any more questions?”.

“No, sir”, Harry said quietly, all of his questions answered in Snape explanations.

Snape nodded and stood up and Harry followed his lead. Just before Harry made it to the classroom door, papers in hand, Snape called, “Our next lesson is on Sunday after dinner”. Harry nodded in Snape’s direction and quickly left the classroom.
Did Snape actually care about him?

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